

Refrain

I lie to myself
unable to pin truth.

Seeking answers is truth
and knowing they'll never be found
is wisdom.

Life is seeking
and wisdom is a refrain.

poetmafia

they came here
and got me last night,
the poet ambulance drivers
raided my pile of literal blood
and swept away in their battered
1958 something, the poet angels
the poet assholes, the poet
mafia

a new group has formed
and I am in its midst
what a disgusting crapped out thing
and we in the poet mafia know it
and we are powerless
for like rats we live off
the cheese of our own traps

we laughed a lot
enjoyed the beer of life
and they drank my blood as chaser
for I was the sustenance of their
being last night; was my blood
they picked through and sampled
bought and took away with them
my blood!

we're rats, we're vampires of culture
filling future history with more
alien questions, more useless answers,
answers, and I would have it
no other way for we all lived last night
even in incredible imperfection we
gave each other breath,
really what more can be asked
of an evening?